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THE PRINTER BOY.

By JESSE HUTCHINSON.

Written for the "Gallipolis," and sung by him at the late Printer's Festival in N. York.

I'll sing you a song of a Printer Boy,
Whose bright and honored name
Stands out in glowing capitals,
Upon the scroll of fame;
Who, in the days that tried men's souls,
In freedom's darkest night,
Stood manfully with Washington,
And battled for the right.
Ben. Franklin was that Printer Boy, one of the
olden time.

And 'twas that boy who flew his kite
To the thunder clouds on high,
And brought the fabled lightning down
From regions of the sky;
'Twas he who caught this fiery horse,
And trained him for the chase,
Till now he's driven safe by Morse
Right into the Printer's case.
Ben. Franklin was that Printer Boy, one of the
olden time.

Long shall the world extol his name,
The patriot and sage,
Who, fully justified by faith,
Was proved on every page;
His form corrected and revised,
Is now worked off and pressed
A new edition in the sheet,
A star among the best.
All honor to that Printer Boy, one of the
olden time.

And now, my brother types, take
This leader for your guide;
Follow corrected copy, and
All errors mark outside;
Be frugal, chaste and temperate,
Stick to the golden rule,
And you shall shine among the stars,
In the Printing office school.
Just imitate that Printer Boy, one of the
olden time.

AWFUL TRAGEDY.—A frightful tragedy recently occurred at Brownstown, Indiana. The details are thus given in the Madison Banner:—It seems that two brothers, named Hiram and Warren Francisco, and well known as respectable and peaceable citizens, followed the occupation of clock peddling. They usually traveled different routes, but made a practice of meeting each other frequently. They agreed to meet at a public house in the vicinity of Brownstown, on Friday last. One of the brothers reached the tavern about 9 o'clock, and inquired if his brother had arrived, and was informed by the landlord that he had not. After eating his supper he called for a light and asked to be shown to bed. The landlord informed him that he had no candles in the house, but if he would follow him, he would take him to bed. Francisco followed the landlord into a dark room and undressed himself and retired to rest. The bed seemed to be wet, and having some matches about him, he struck a light. Upon examining the bed he found that it was wet with blood. Discovering a candle near by, he lit it, and looking under the bed, saw the body of his brother with his throat cut from ear to ear, and perfectly lifeless. Fastening the door immediately, he proceeded to load a revolver which he had, but before he could do so there was an effort made by several men to enter his room. Pretending not to be alarmed, he asked them to wait until he dressed himself. As soon as he had finished loading his pistol he opened the door, and the landlord and two other men rushed on him, when he fired two barrels of his pistol, immediately killing the landlord and one of his accomplices, after which the other man fled.

'TAINT LIKE.'—A certain lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude—standing with his hands in his pockets. His friends and client all went to see it, and everybody exclaimed: 'Oh, how like! It is the very picture of him.' An old farmer who dissented. 'Taint like!' exclaimed everybody: 'Just show us wherein 'taint like!' 'Taint, no, 'taint,' responded the farmer, 'don't you see he has got his hand in his own pocket? 'Twould be as like again if he had it in somebody else's.'

The tongue was intended for a divine organ, but the devil often plays upon it.

Letter from Oregon.
PLEASANT VALLEY, O. T.,
July 12th, 1852.

MR. HARPER.—DEAR SIR: I take the liberty of forwarding you an "Extract of my Journal over the Plains."

Friday, July 25th, 1851.—Morning calm and clear; all well; we proceeded on our journey, and began to ascend the last mountain between the Colorado and Bear Rivers. The ascent was very difficult. At the summit two miles from camp, was a bold fountain of water issuing forth. Here were good grass and sage, and a pleasant place to camp. From this point we could see Bear River mountain and valley. The descent was two miles down the mountain, and very dangerous to wagons, on account of rock, and sudden offsets in the road. At the base of the mountain is the beautiful valley of Bear River No. 1, of rich fertile land, and well watered. There is timber on the mountains; the air here is exceedingly clear and transparent, and the country is most charming. The Snake, or Shoshones Indians own this country, who are a miserable, cruel, thievish race. At the foot of this mountain is a general camping place. Wagons, iron, log-chains, stoves, &c., are strewn here in profusion. The road bears down the river bottom and Buttes, eight miles, over rich, fertile land, and fine grass, till it crosses three beautiful creeks, of pure cold water, issuing from the East, and running into Bear River four miles to our left. Here we encamped. The evening was very warm, and there were indications of rain. Near our camp, were two semi-globular mounds 1000 feet high. Bear river bottom is here six miles wide, and well watered. It abounds in wild flax, three feet high, currants, lamb's quarters, spare mint, mustard, timothy, wild rye and yarrow. Plenty of trout is found in the river and its numerous creeks. A company of California gold hunters met us this evening, en route for Missouri. At night there was hard thunder, and we had a fine shower of rain, which cooled the air. Our stock all did well at this place. Above our three miles is an Indian village, and many ponies.

Saturday, July 26th.—Morning cloudy and warm, and our stock all safe; we left and crossed three creeks near our camp. The road led down the valley, on the north side of the river—over beautiful land and good grass. The mountains present grand objects of wild scenery. They abound in good building rock, and some pine and red cedar. Our road led down this fertile plain for seventeen miles crossing numerous streams of pure cold water, which have much fall, and afford good mill seats. The roads upon this part of the trip are very good. We saw much timothy and herd grass to-day. We also passed a large sulphur spring on our left in the evening. The mountains are of a reddish hue, and on some of them are deep gulches of snow. These mountains are from 1500 to 2000 feet high, and lined with timber, but it would be somewhat difficult to obtain. There is good camping any place to-day. We are encamped this evening on Thomas' Fork of Bear river, and here last night, a fine daughter was born; and the same evening, four miles east, Mrs. E. A. Churchill, wife of Mr. W. Churchill of Sangamon County, Ill., gave birth to a fine son! Both are doing well. Here are traders and Indians who have a number of lodges and much stock, which they trade to emigrants for broken down stock. Here is a bridge across this stream, and one dollar per wagon is charged for crossing on it! We forded the stream. Four trains are here, and they have many lame cattle.

Sunday, July 27th.—Morning cloudy, and very cool; stock all safe with trusty guarding; we left camp. The road led down the stream two miles, where it ascended a mountain to two miles—altitude 1000 feet—and down one and a half miles to a beautiful valley of good grass and water, then up a horrid mountain—altitude 1200 feet—then down the mountain into a rocky canyon two miles, and up another mountain—altitude 1500 feet above Bear river—three miles, where we had a grand view of the great valley. To the south is seen a range of snowy mountains, to the S.W. is seen a great lake of 4000 acres—and the serpentine course of Bear river, winding its way towards the Great Salt Lake. The descent to the Bear river valley, one and a half miles, was extremely dangerous and difficult. The roads were large and numerous in the rocks. We turned to the left of the road one mile to the banks of Bear river, and Carrelled; four trains here. The valley here is ten miles wide. Salt springs and sulphur springs abound in this region of country. There is some timber along the rivers. There is an animal here called "The Man Eater," which is the size of a prairie wolf, and of a reddish color, which burrows into a grass, and eats the dead bodies, without disturbing them. The grave of a Mr. Orr, near our tents, was thus entered, and the body eaten. The name of this man was engraved on Independence Rock. He was bound for the Gold Regions, July 1, '49, and here death interposed. Deer, elk, antelope, mountain sheep, grizzly bear and prairie dogs are plenty here. Here the United States should erect a military station, and a large farm, and encourage settlements. If emigrants could stop here and recruit their stock of provisions and cattle, and rest awhile, with white settlers, it would greatly relieve their deep solicitude. This soil would yield wheat, flax, potatoes, onions, peas, beans, turnips, cabbages, lettuce, beets, melons, cucumbers, &c., in the greatest abundance. And for stock raising it could not be excelled!

Monday, July 28th.—Morning clear; all well; we discovered that a large amount of property had been stolen from the trains the night before, by the Boonack Indians. The trains laid by till 3 o'clock, P. M., and then traveled four miles to a beautiful stream of water crossing the road, and there Carrelled. [The account of this day's proceedings, including the chase we had for our property, the ambuscade, and the recovery of only a part of the stolen stock, I have already written out, and forwarded to the United States for publication.] The valley here is truly delightful. The country lying on the banks of Bear river, is an impenetrable thicket, and affords the Indians a secure retreat with the stolen property. Emigrants should never camp nearer those thickets than 300 yards. Their guards should be doubled in all this region of country; as Mormon traders and Snake and Boonack Indians are very numerous, and all intent on blood and plunder.

Tuesday, July 29th.—Morning clear and cool; stock well guarded and safe. We left camp, and our road led down the valley eleven miles, crossing four nice creeks of cold pure water, bisecting the valley, and affording mill seats, and water for irrigation. There is no dew here in the summer months. There are large beds of sea shells here! From the nearest point of this valley to Salt Lake, is fifty miles. There is much good limestone in this region, and trout in great abundance. This Bear river valley No. 2 is forty-five miles long and averages ten miles in width. Its direction is N. W. The growth is no greater here, the timber is a plenty, water power as good, and commerce no more difficult, than at Salt Lake. Iron ore abounds here, and here are the elements of future wealth. In the afternoon we traveled nine miles down Bear river valley, and over high buttes, which divide Bear river valleys No. 2 and 3, and we turned to the left of the road one mile, and camped near the river; plenty of sage and wild grass. The Pummice stone is in great abundance here. The mountains here approach near the river, and present a grand appearance. To-night our friend, B. R. Biddle, lodged with us, who was on his way to Springfield, Ill. He will move to Marion Co., O. T., with his family, next spring. His success was great in the gold mines, for two years past. He formerly resided in Springfield, Ill.

July 30th.—Morning clear and pleasant; all well, and we left camp early, and drove down Bear river valley, No. 3, over a beautiful country for eleven miles, and camped at the world renowned soda and steamboat springs. My imagination had been wrought up pretty high, as to these phenomena of nature. The springs, the valley, the mountains capped with snow, the scenery, &c., all conspire to fill the traveler with wonder and astonishment. But as I have repeatedly written out a description of these things, for publication, I will forbear for the present, any thing further.

DAVID NEWSOM

[From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]
THE MAN THAT GOT HUMBUGGED.

The stage in which I was a passenger had stopped to change horses, and 'feed' the passengers, at a small town in Vermont, and, dinner over, we were awaiting the arrival of the stage upon an intersecting route, to proceed upon our journey. Cigars had been lighted, and by way of passing our time, we had commenced a critical examination of the mammoth pictorial posters of Barnum's Menagerie, which covered the walls of the spacious bar-room. Barnum's name opened a fruitful topic of conversation; every one present seemed stored with anecdotes of the "Napoleon of Showmen," and the Woolly Horse, the Feejee Mermaid and Joice Heth which followed.

Suddenly a long, slab-sided individual, with an owl-like expression of wisdom and dignity, who had been listening to our remarks with an evident desire to take a hand, broke out—
'I s'pose you think that's an all-fired big concern! Anybody would that hadn't seen it!'
'Then I suppose you have seen it?' said my legal friend.
'Yas, I seen it at Springfield,' was the reply; 'it's a darned humbug!'
'Is it possible?' said the Major, seeing a prospect of fun. 'Couldn't you oblige us with a description of the institution?'
'Certainly,' said Jonathan; 'here's the stage, and as soon as we get started, I'll give you all the items. They can't humbug me very often, and when they do, I call 'em late to advertise for 'em till I get square.'

In a few minutes we were under headway and our voracious friend commenced unbosoming himself.
'Yer see, Barnum was going to show his caravan down to Springfield, Fourth of July, and I tho't there'd be a good chance to see the elephant and celebrate the day, both at one!' What I wanted to see more than all the rest, was the Car of Jugglenot, drawn by a string of bullephants.'
'Did it meet your expectations?'
'I never seen one side of it. Before

I got in town they'd got all through parading,' the elephants was unharnessed, and the Car of Jugglenot was into a woodshed. I made up my mind right off, then, that the hull concern was a humbug.'

'Was Barnum aware,' I asked, 'that you were to be in town?'
'Not as I know,' was the answer.
'If he had known it,' added the Major, 'he would doubtless have waited. But you visited the exhibition, I suppose?'
'Of course; I was bound to do that, if it bust me. That was a bigger humbug than all the rest.'

'How so?'
'Why, in the first place I expected to see Jenny Lind.'

'Was she announced in the bills?'
'I don't know; I don't read 'em, but I axed the man that stuck up the pictures if she'd be there, and he said 'yes,' and that she'd sing the bird song standing on the top of a cage of cockatoos and parrots. She wasn't there, and I never seen one side of her—and then I know'd the whole concern was a darned humbug.'

'Well, then, I went round and took a look at the elephants—had hard work to get round to; there was more'n a hundred thousand people in the tent. I got where they was, and the folks was all feedin' 'em with apples and cakes and things. I had some doughnuts in my bag, so I held 'em out to one of the darned things to see if he'd take one.'

'Did he take one?'
'He took 'em all, and the hat in, stuck 'em in his nasty peaked mouth, and began eatin'.' I holloed to the keeper, and told him it was a bran new hat. He said never mind, he'd get it again.

'Did he get it?'
'Yes, he got it, but a bat ain't much account after an elephant's chased it—Then, I'd sworn the hull concern was a humbug. Well, I took a look at Tom Thumb, and the Cox long Chief, and the man that fiddled with his toes, and the feller that went in with the lions. The wild animals was well enough, but I didn't see as they looked any different from anybody else's. I expected Barnum's lions would be twice as big as any others. There was one thing, though, that was fast; that was the wax statuary—especially the 'interference family.' I told the man that tuk care of it, I wished everybody that ever drank a drop of sperrit had to stand and look at that about a week—then I'd never want to drink again. He said he wished so, too. 'Take it all in all, though, was mad; I didn't see what I expected, and I didn't like the idea of being humbugged, so I inquired of one of the men that was stirrin' up the monkeys, where Barnum was, and he p'inted him out to me, sellin' lemonade, out of a wagon. I went up to him, and, thinks I, 'I'll give him a piece of my mind.' Sez I—
'Mr. Barnum—'
'Sixpence a glass,' sez he.
'I looked at his lemonade; there was just one lone, solitary, second-hand slice of lemon in a whole wash-tub full of it, and he peddlin' it out at sixpence a glass. That made me madder than all the rest, so says I loud and audibly—
'Mr. Barnum, I think your show's a darned humbug.'

'Young man,' sez he, 'I s'pose you paid to come in?'
'Supposin' I did!' sez I.
'Well,' sez he, 'supposin' you have; you have paid your quarter, and you've a perfect right to think as you d—n please.'

'Why,' said the Major, after the sensation caused by this recital had somewhat subsided, 'why did you not demand your money back? You certainly could have compelled them to refund your quarter.'

'You see the truth is,' said Jonathan, scratching his head, 'I didn't pay no quarter. I crawled in under the canvas!'

NATIONAL FLAG.—The following is the original resolution adopting the Stars and Stripes:
In Congress, June 14th, 1777, Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States, be thirteen stripes, alternately red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.

As new States were added to the Union, from time to time, new stripes were added to the flag, till the number had increased to fifteen or twenty. At length about thirty years ago, the stripes were reduced by act of Congress to the original number of thirteen.

DYSENTERY.—Our cold nights and crude vegetables are liable to produce this complaint. Its attack can readily be perceived in its incipient stage by a sensation of burning at the pit of the stomach, produced by morbid acid; dull, and heavy pains in the abdomen, the result of inflammation of the intestines. Carbonate of ammonia, or supercarbonate of soda, followed by a gentle cathartic, are told, will readily avert the attack, and save three weeks of physician's visits.

The following is the "composition" of a young girl. How we came by it, whether honestly or otherwise, is our own business. All we have to say, however, is, that we have great pleasure in presenting it to our readers; and we hope that the fair author will frequently exercise herself in the same way.

A Lady's Fan.
Perhaps no article worn by a lady expresses more truthfully the different emotions than the Fan. When a lady is excited, her fan has a quick, irregular movement; when grave, it moves slowly, and sometimes remains entirely motionless. The coquette distinguishes herself by the movement of her fan. When wishing to attract a band of admirers, her fan is the medium of communication. When angry (but generally that is all pretence), her fan opens majestically, and with an air of offended dignity; its motion gets violent and rapid, and seems to indicate not only resentment, but threats and defiance to any who may approach.

N. B. It would be rather a dangerous experiment to ask any favors at such a time.
In modern times the fan is often used by modest ladies as a screen; for instance, if invited to take a walk on a moonlight night, what is the reason a lady is carried, no matter how cool it may be? And should an unfortunate "slip" of the tongue give vent to a few soft words, how soon does the fan find its way to the fair maiden's face—it may be to conceal a blush, or it may be a smile. Should an answer be required to the question so important to the happiness of the "Lord of Creation" who asks it, it may always be received from the fan. If the answer be "yes," the fan, while it conceals the countenance, by its rapid motion tells most blushing the pleasurable agitation which prevents any other reply; but should the answer be otherwise, how slowly the fan begins to fold itself up—every motion expressing a refusal. Each lady has her own peculiar style of fanning; one opens her fan wide and raises a perfect hurricane, while in another's hand it is but half open, and plies gently and regularly, raising only a slight breeze; some give it a forward motion, while others use it from side to side. There are different methods of using and different methods of holding the fan, highly indicative of the character and disposition of the party using or holding it. I will not stop to discuss these, but will close by giving a bit of advice. Girls, be careful how you use your fans in gentlemen's company, as their hearts are more easily smothered than their heads; and gentlemen, always observe the motion of the fan before you "pop the question."

Opening the Gate.
'I wish you would send a servant to open the gate for me,' said a well grown boy of ten, to his mother, as he paused with his satchel upon his back, before the gate, and surveyed its clasped fastenings.
'Why, John, can't you open the gate for yourself?' said Mrs. Easy.
'A boy of your age and strength ought certainly to be able to do that.'

'I could do it I suppose,' said the child, 'but it's heavy and I don't like the trouble. The servant can open it for me just as well. Pray what is the use of having servants, if they are not to wait upon us?'

The servant was sent to open the gate. The boy passed out, and went whistling on his way to school. When he reached his seat in the Acady, y, he drew from his satchel his arithmetic and began to inspect his sums.

'I cannot do these,' he whispered to his seat mate; 'they are too hard.'

'But you can try.'

'I know that I can,' said John, 'but it's too much trouble. Pray what are teachers for if not to help us out of difficulties? I shall carry my slate to Prof. Helpwell.'

Alas! poor John. He had come to another closed gate—a gate leading into a beautiful and boundless science, "the laws of which are the modes in which God acts, in sustaining all the works of his hands"—the science of mathematics. He could have opened the gate and entered in alone and explored the riches of the realm, but his mother had injudiciously let him rest with the idea that it was as well to have gates opened for us, as to exert our own strength. The result was, that her son, like the young hopeful sent to Mr. Wiseman, soon concluded that he had no genius for mathematics, and threw up the study.

The same was true of Latin. He could have learned the declensions of nouns and the conjugations of the verbs as well as other boys of his age; but his seat-mate very kindly volunteered to tell him in the class, and what was the use in opening the gate into the Latin language, when another would do it for him? Oh, no! John Easy had no idea of tasking mental or physical strength when he could avoid it, and the consequence was, that numerous gates remained closed to him all his life—gates to honor—gates to riches—gates to happiness. Children ought

to be early taught that it is always best to help themselves.

Dread of Death.

It is a common symptom in nervous disease, and is here considered with regard to its influence on health. In these cases it seems rather to spoil life than to destroy it. Not only the child, but the man till thirty, never feels that he is mortal; but after forty, man's thoughts are much occupied by the inevitable prospect, and most of us have our little corps of consolation to protect us from the fear of it. Those of authors come out in their works. One of the most remarkable is a little Essay on Death by Lord Bacon, not that in his essays, but towards the end of his works, near his will.

The curate of a London parish, who has great experience of death bed-scenes, was asked how people generally met their end? And the answer was "either they wish for it as a relief from suffering, or they are not conscious of it." Even Dr. Johnson, who dreaded death so much at a distance, seems to have feared it as little on its arrival as other people, and we believe that to many persons with right views, who have had a liberal allowance of sickness and sorrow, death becomes an object not so much of apprehension as of curiosity and interest. This state of mind is not only necessary for our comfort during health, but for our safety during sickness. One of the ablest physicians alive once said, that in dangerous illness, *ceteris paribus*, a Christian would have a better chance of recovery than an unbeliever—that religious resignation was a better soothing medicine than a poppy, and a better cordial than an ether. Dr. Reid gives a similar opinion in the following expressive passage: "The habitual horror which thus overshadows the mind, darkens the little daylight of life. An indulgence in this morbid excess of apprehensions not only embitters a man's existence, but may often tend to shorten its duration. He hastens the advance of death by the fear with which his frame is seized at its real or imaginary approach. His trembling hand involuntarily shakes the glass in which his hours are numbered."

Contradictory as it may appear, there are well attested instances of persons who have been driven even to suicide, by the dread of dissolution. It would seem as if they had run into the arms of death in order to shelter themselves from the terror of his countenance.—*Quar. Review.*

"ONE" OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE GIRLS.—A correspondent of the Boston Journal relates the following:

While on a visit to my friends in New Hampshire the past week, I had the pleasure of an introduction to Miss Rosina Delight Richardson, the only daughter of Mr. Nathaniel and Mrs. Mary Richardson, of East Alstead, Cheshire County N. H.—Miss Rosina is 19 years of age, is 5 feet 3 1/2 inches high, measures 5 feet 4 1/2 inches around the waist, 6 feet 2 inches around the hips, 22 inches around the arm, above the elbow, 14 inches around the arm, below the elbow, and 2 1/2 inches in a straight line across the shoulders. At birth, she weighed 6 pounds, at 5 years 148 pounds, at 10 years 238 pounds, at 15 years 365 pounds, and now at 19 years of age, she weighs 478 pounds. On estimating the quantity of cloth in her clothing when dressed for a ride on a winter's day, we found it to contain 98 1/2 yards of 3 yards wide cloth. She has brown hair, dark blue eyes, is of fair complexion, and has what phrenologists would call a well balanced head, the perceptive organs predominating. She can knit, spin, weave, make a shirt, or a batch of bread, is a good singer, and plays the piano with skill—is considered one of the best scholars in the town where she resides—is courteous and affable, and lively in conversation, and evinces a general knowledge of what might raise a blush on the cheek of some of our city belles.

Where's Barnum!

FIVE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SIX REASONS FOR OPPOSING GEN. PIERCE.—Since the commencement of steamboat navigation in the West, there have been 576 boats sunk by snags and sawyers. These the "Democratic party" think it is "unconstitutional" to remove. They are so economical as to prefer to destroy steamboats rather than snags, and to save expenses rather than life.

Macaulay has finished two more volumes of his history of England, and will publish them this winter.

OZONE.—WHAT IS IT?—This was a question often asked during the prevalence of the cholera in 1850.—The last number of the Scientific American thus answers it:

"Ozone is produced when the electrical brush passes from a moist wooden point into the atmosphere, or when phosphorus acts at common temperatures on a moist portion of the atmosphere. To produce ozone, take a clean piece of phosphorus, about half an inch long, which has been recently scraped; put it into a clean quart bottle, at a temperature of about 60 deg. Fahrenheit, with as much water as will half cover the phosphorus; close the mouth slightly, so that if inflammation takes place no harm may happen, and leave it. The formation of ozone will quickly occur, being indicated by the luminous condition of the phosphorus, and the ascent of a fountain like column of smoke from it. In less than a minute the test will show ozone in the air of the bottle; in five or six hours it will be comparatively abundant. Ozone is a gaseous body of a very peculiar smell; when concentrated, it has an odor like chlorine; when diluted, it possesses what is called 'the electric smell.' Atmospheric air charged strongly with it renders breathing difficult, causes unpleasant sensations, and produces catarrhal effects. It is insoluble in water. It discharges vegetable colors like chlorine. It does not unite with nitrogen under ordinary circumstances, but it does when lime water is present. It acts powerfully on metallic bodies; it peroxidizes lead and silver very quickly. It is one of the most powerful oxidizers that has ever been discovered. It acts upon almost all salts, and is very nearly related in its effects to chlorine.—The discoverer of ozone is Schonbein, the inventor of gun cotton."

Now—Now, is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of time. 'Now' is the watchword of the wise. 'Now' is on the banner of the prudent. Let us keep this little word always in our mind; and whenever anything presents itself to us in the shape of work, whether mental or physical, we should do it with all our might, remembering that 'Now' is the only time for us. It is indeed a sorry way to get through the world, by putting off till to-morrow, saying, "Then" I will do it. Not this will never answer. 'Now' is ours; 'Then' may never be.

STRANGE OPERATION.—In April, of last year, Mr. J. M. Bemus, of Pittsburgh, lost the use of his right eye by a piece of steel flying from a chisel and striking it. After suffering from the inflammation subsided, and he felt the pain from it until last week, when the inner surface of the eye-lid became inflamed from something which seemed to project from the eye-ball. After suffering for some days from this, he called upon a physician, who extracted from the ball of the eye the piece of steel, which was long flat, and about the shape of a scythe-blade, measuring one inch and three-sixteenths in length, by more than one sixteenth broad! How so large a foreign substance should have remained for sixteen months in the ball of the eye, without causing more injury to the sufferer than the mere loss of sight, is beyond comprehension.

MISSING BONDS OF THE STATE OF MISSOURI.—The President of the Bank of Missouri, during his late trip to the east, discovered in the possession of the Bank of America, \$215,000 of the Bonds of the State, duly executed by the proper State officers and endorsed by the Bank. They had been deposited there for sale as far back as 1837 or 8; but the singularity of their condition was the fact, that neither the State nor the Bank had any record of their existence.—If the State ever had any such evidence, it may have been destroyed by the burning of the State House in 1838. But it is very strange that the books of the Bank contain no notice of them. The President, (Mr. Hughes), received them, and has turned them to the proper State authorities, to be cancelled.
St. Louis Republican.

TO PRESERVE GIRDLED TREES.—A correspondent of the Genesee Farmer says that girdled trees may be preserved by the following means:—"Take out a block of wood extending into the bark above, and take from the body or limb of another tree, a block corresponding in size and shape, with the bark on, and adjust it in the place, and bind it there, on the principle of engraving." This plan, it is said, has proved completely successful.